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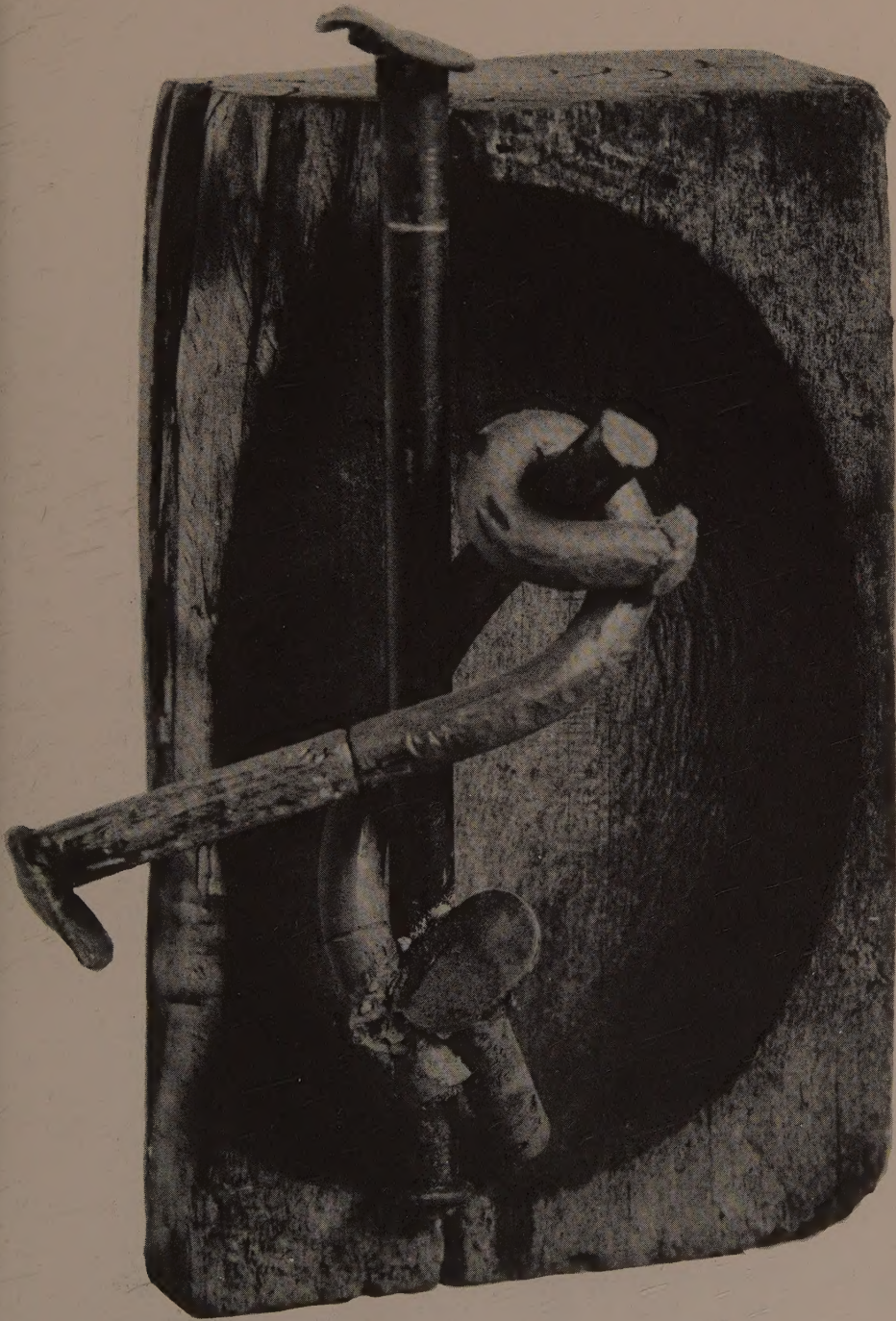
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INCEPTION - wood and metal sculpture by Vito Simanis

THE PROPHET

By Pēteris Aigars

(Translated from the Latvian by Ruth Speirs)

*The turbulence of angry skies was torn by lightning,
The sea began to rise, the shores to drown;
Streams wound their way across all fields and
meadows,
And neither granary nor thicket offered refuge—
No man was spared, affliction struck them down.*

*Wild fear, a whirlwind, snatched them from their
houses
And scattered them along the highroads, starving, ill;
In empty hamlets lapped by marshy waters
The hungry cattle lowed, and dogs kept howling;
As on the Day of Doom, the wheel of time stood still.*

And then he left his hermit's hut. He had been waiting
For God to call him forth, and as he went
He hoped to see men firm and chastened by
affliction.
To see the weak grow strong, the strong admit their
weakness;
He went into the world as judge and friend.

MIKELIS' PORRIDGE

By *Knuts Lesiņš*

Translated from the Latvian by *Ruth Speirs*

Before old Jukums died he made a strange will in which he set down that his son, Mikelis, although of age, was not to inherit the farm until he got married. So it came to pass that the mother remained mistress of the farm, holding the reins of management firmly in her hands while the son spent his time communing with himself or manfully playing the clarinet. At times it crossed his mind that it might perhaps be a good idea to get married. His mother ruled him with a heavy hand, and though there was no knowing what one's bride would be like after the wedding, Mikelis quite understandably thought that there might be some good even in exchanging one evil for another.

To tell the truth, finding a wife should not have presented any difficulties to him: he was a well-built lad with thick flax-colored hair, and there was a rather dreamy or—as the girls said—sheepish look in his eyes. Besides, he was the heir to a prosperous, well-kept farm. But some of the Creator's peaceful contentedness had found its way into his heart, and this made all truths appear of equal merit and all things equally beautiful. That is why, however hard he tried, he could not make up his mind which girl to marry.

One summer, shortly after Midsummer Night, his mother had a strange dream. In her dream, the farmyard was invaded by innumerable black dogs. She was half-way

between the cowshed and the cellar, carrying a milk-pail, when the black dogs swirled about her and were not to be beaten off. She called to Mikelis for help. But he, the scoundrel, merely appeared at a window of the farmhouse, and there he stood, playing his clarinet. A particularly persistent little dog snapped at her hand, the pail fell to the ground, she screamed and—woke up.

The dream was thoroughly discussed and pondered over; it boded no good, nothing but woe and disaster could follow in its wake. And, indeed, the old woman had a toothache the very next day. The day after, her cheek began to swell and everybody on the farm said she ought to go and see the doctor.

"There you are, mother, that's your dream sure enough," Mikelis said. "All those many dogs are the pain—and that brute, the little one, must be the tooth. It has to be pulled out, that's clear."

The old woman waited another miserable day or two, but neither valerian drops on lumps of sugar nor camomile poultices did any good, and no solace was to be found in the Bible either.

Lina, who was employed on the farm, also started to urge her to see the doctor. There was certainly a point in favor of such a visit: the doctor in that district was a woman, and old Mrs. Jukums would be able to have a chat with her about all

sorts of other ailments as well. This clinched the matter. The importance of the occasion demanded that Mikelis should accompany his mother, but he pleaded that he would be no good as listener and comforter amid the wailing and lamenting which always accompanied such undertakings. He harnessed the horse to the cart, helped his mother and Lina into it and wished them god-speed, rejoicing in the prospect of a whole day's freedom before him. The women had scarcely driven as far as the neighbor's cattle track when the first merry notes of the clarinet rose into the air. Thus, it seemed, the mother's dream had come true in every detail.

Bright sunlight streamed into the room through the open window, the air was filled with the scent of jasmine and the cheerful buzzing of flies dancing to the music of the clarinet, and Mikelis was in a wondrously good mood. The cattle had been turned out to graze; the farm-hand was busily digging up the potatoes in the vegetable garden; it struck Mikelis that he himself ought perhaps also be doing something useful, but he did not feel like straining himself for his own good.

He spent an hour playing the clarinet, then he looked through the old photograph albums, examined the various objects on the shelves and in the drawers, and made a tour of all the rooms, noting the possessions that had accumulated in the house. He also inspected the larder in which he could not have rummaged so freely if his mother had been at home. Finally he remembered his chief task: he had to prepare lunch.

A cook like Mikelis could not be expected to produce anything elaborate, and therefore the women had decided that he should make some

porridge, saying it was a very easy thing to do. Humming a little tune, he set to work. He filled a medium-sized saucepan with water, lit a fire in the cooking-range and placed the saucepan on top. When the water was hot he threw in a few handfuls of oatmeal, but this seemed barely enough to cover the bottom of the saucepan. To be on the safe side, he threw in some more; then he sat down and perused the newspaper, waiting for results. The porridge bubbled and bubbled, but it seemed very thin and watery when Mikelis had another look at it. Now he shrewdly tackled the problem from both ends, as it were: he removed the saucepan from the fire in order to stop the bubbling, drained some of the water off and threw in another handful of oatmeal. Then he returned the saucepan to the fire and waited a while.

By and by, the porridge began to look like porridge. Indeed, it became quite thick, and Mikelis had to stir it in order to keep it from burning. Apparently he had been wrong in his previous calculations; he had to pour in some more water. His mother sometimes added finely chopped potatoes to the porridge. Should he do the same? No, he could not be bothered to peel potatoes. That was a woman's job, and in any case it was probably too late to start. But he had a bright idea when his eyes fell on the little store of fried, finely cut bacon rinds which always stood ready for use if required; throwing a generous quantity of them into the porridge, he congratulated himself on his astuteness. Nothing else would have to be added, not even salt, and the fat of the bacon rinds would lend a certain richness to the porridge.

It went on bubbling, gurgling and

spluttering, and looked wonderfully smooth. Mikelis tasted it. It did not seem soft enough, but it was rather salty the devil take it, too salty, come to think of it! What did people do with oversalted food? Rather doubtfully, Mikelis added a few more handfuls of oatmeal. Now there was going to be enough for his mother and Lina as well. It did not matter if there was a bit too much; the cowherd was welcome to stuff himself with porridge till he burst; the farmhand was no mean eater either; yes, between them, they'd manage all right.

But his confidence had been shaken, and he stood by the cooking-range, apprehensively watching the porridge and wondering what it would do next. What was he to think about while he stirred it round and round? Obviously, it had to be something important. Marriage, for instance. But whom was he to marry? Anna, Lina and Milda were the first to come to his mind; there were a number of other girls, too, but he was not so sure about them. Anna was the prettiest of them all, slim and dark, but her manner was a bit harsh. His mother said she was like resin: sweet to the touch, bitter on the tongue. Lina was pretty, too, though she was only a servant-girl; her father had gone bankrupt in the timber trade, and this was already the second year she had been working on the Jukums farm. She was both gentle and gay, but also rather flighty, and his mother would be against his marrying her. Milda was a little full in the figure, but she had grown up in the neighborhood, and he was used to talking to her; she seemed to understand better than the other girls what Mikelis expected from a wife. But Milda was probably his mother's

choice, and that made him uneasy. If the two women banded together life would not be worth living.

Anna, Lina, Milda—Anna, Lina, Milda—the spoon hammered out the names as it knocked against the sides of the saucepan, and Mikelis, listening to the sound it made, forgot to keep his eye on the porridge. But the porridge did what it had to do: it swelled and swelled and, plague upon it, suddenly poured over the rim of the saucepan. Flurried, red in the face, Mikelis snatched up a large cauldron and emptied the porridge into it. Meanwhile the fire had gone out. By the time he had rekindled it and heaped up sufficient fuel to bring the porridge once more to the boil — he had to add some more water—it was almost twelve o'clock. With a last anxious glance at the porridge, he rushed out into the yard and hammered with an iron bar on the old ploughshare which hung from the lime-tree. It was the signal for the cowherd to bring in the cattle.

Mikelis hurried back to the kitchen. The porridge heaved and swelled, making plopping sounds and milling round the cauldron. He tasted it. Really, this was enough to drive a man mad: the porridge was still too salty! Besides, it was too thick, and he again had to add water. But the porridge showed no sign of either becoming thinner or less salty. All the salt in the world seemed to have been concentrated in those bacon rinds. He poured in some more water, but now the porridge assumed terrifying proportions — it filled more than half the cauldron.

In the meantime the cowherd and the farmhand had entered the kitchen.

"Come and taste it. Is it all right?" Mikelis asked guiltily, holding out a

spoonful of steaming porridge.

The farmhand thoughtfully shook his head. "Might it be that perhaps, in a manner of speaking, the sack of salt sprang a leak over the saucepan?"

"Is it as bad as that? Shall I add more water?"

"Well, farmer, there is a lot of it already, enough for a whole week. Do you think we'll finish it?"

"Of course we shall. Don't worry. I'll give you milk and butter with it." Mikelis tried to ingratiate himself, remembering how miserly his mother was.

In spite of the generous helpings, the lunch passed rather silently. At first the men had bravely tackled the porridge, but the cauldron did not seem to get emptier. A solemn look came into their faces, and they had to resort more and more frequently to the pail of milk in order to wash the salty taste away. Mikelis resolutely kept pace with the others, but in the end the farmhand heaved a deep sigh and put his spoon down. "I can't eat any more. The weather is hot, and it will need a powerful lot of drinking to kill that thirst!"

The cowherd, who had half-heartedly prodded the porridge with the tip of his spoon, used the opportunity to make a quiet getaway.

"Shall we give it to the pig?" Mikelis suggested hopefully.

"You'll have to water the porridge down, of course. But will the pig manage to eat it all?" The farmhand smirked, knowing the young man's dread of his mother in all matters of farm management.

One way or another, the porridge had to disappear. Old Mrs. Jukums would probably return in a troublesome state of mind because her tooth

had been pulled out, and she could not possibly be allowed to see such an enormous quantity of porridge. The farmhand was right about the pig. It was doubtful that the animal could be trusted in such an emergency. His mother might notice something, and then there would be no end of questions. Mikelis suddenly flew into a rage.

"Come on," he cried, "let's carry the cauldron outside!"

The farmhand selected a stout stick; they passed it through the handle of the cauldron and slowly, as though taking part in a funeral procession, carried it away to the cattle track. This was where the pasture began, and they found a secluded spot among the bushes, with large stones lying about. They put the cauldron down on a boulder and rested a while; then they spat in their hands, counted one-two-three, and tipped the cauldron over. The porridge ran down the boulder like molten lava, steaming a little, and then congealing. The men regarded their handiwork with considerable satisfaction, smoked a pipe, and went home.

"Not a word to my mother!" Mikelis said earnestly.

"I'm not likely to open my mouth. But you must warn the boy."

"I'll give him a slice of bacon and some curd cheese; that will keep him quiet."

When the cowherd had thus been bribed, and when the cauldron had been thoroughly cleaned out, Mikelis again felt at peace with himself and the whole world.

(Continued on page 21)

BEFORE THE LAST STATION

by Valdis Krāslavietis

*Friends!
I know—
this is the wrong station,
but—
there is only one left,
and its name is spelled:
The Suffocation.*

STATES OF MIND

(fragment)

by Olafs Stumbrs

*An idiot is his own Dostoevsky
with many worlds
jolting into each other inside his head
until
wine gardens bear white pink-eyed kittens,
oysters carry pear trees in their stone bellies,
and God itself becomes an entered woman
feeling her bruise in the dark and murmuring one
indifferent, sleepy "enough."*



NEAR BARDONECCHIA

VITO SIMANIS

The 33 year old painter was born in Latvia, but received his early formal art education in Germany. After coming to the United States in 1950, he studied at the University of Ill., and Chicago's Roosevelt College. In 1954 he was graduated from the Art Institute of Chicago, receiving the B. F. A. degree.

The next two years Vito Simanis spends again in Europe. He admits the influence of the sunny Italian landscape upon his work. "Near Bardonecchia", a large painting which received the Alumni Association of

the School of the Art Institute of Chicago prize this year at the Art Institute of Chicago is an example of this. One may detect different influences from Paris, Casablanca or from Mexico in his other work i. e., "Cock-fight", exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1959.

The artist states, however, that although the feeling of the subject matter is retained in a number of his paintings, the intrusion of associative elements into a painting is undesirable. The painting surface is the ultimate goal of a pictorial state-

ment. Any realistic recording or portrayal tends to make this painting surface only second in importance and distracts the viewer from the pure enjoyment of the painting as such.

In many instances Simanis starts a painting with no particular subject matter in mind, gets large areas of color over the canvas surface, then ties these together with lines and heavier, more emotional colors. The movement of these canvases usually concentrates toward a center of interest so that the eye is carried inward, then moves outward again to the edges for relief. To achieve a particular effect, which is many times dictated by the painting itself, the artist uses besides his brushes a palette knife and a rag.

The important thing is, the artist mentioned, to give a painting the

utmost freedom, but at the same time not letting it to destroy itself.

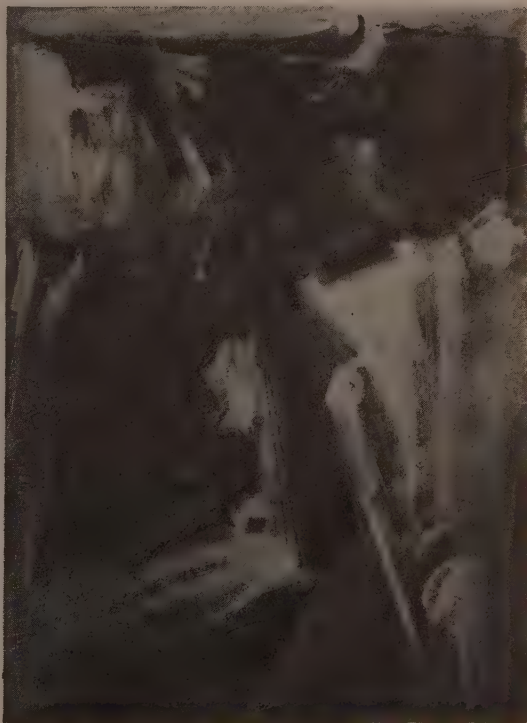
When asked what particular school of painting he belongs to, Simanis answered: "I do not intend to associate myself with any movement, because that would curb my freedom. The process of exploration on canvas, a change, growth is often hindered by a loyalty to a movement or school. Among some of the older Latvian painters there is a lot of talk of keeping the Latvian paintings Latvian. If they mean by that to portray our native country, our other distinctive subject matters in a recognizable way only and shut their eyes to any different approach in painting, they have ceased to be true, creative artists. There are no rules in painting, there can not be, any rules for creativeness."





Simanis together with Silvija Steinere-Berzins, Uldis Krumins, Edvins Strautmanis, Ojars Steiners and Benno Talivalds form the so-called "Young Latvian Painters of Chicago" group. They are all successful painters, well-established in the art circles of this city. We are certain that we will hear their names more often mentioned and see their pictures more often exhibited.

Staff

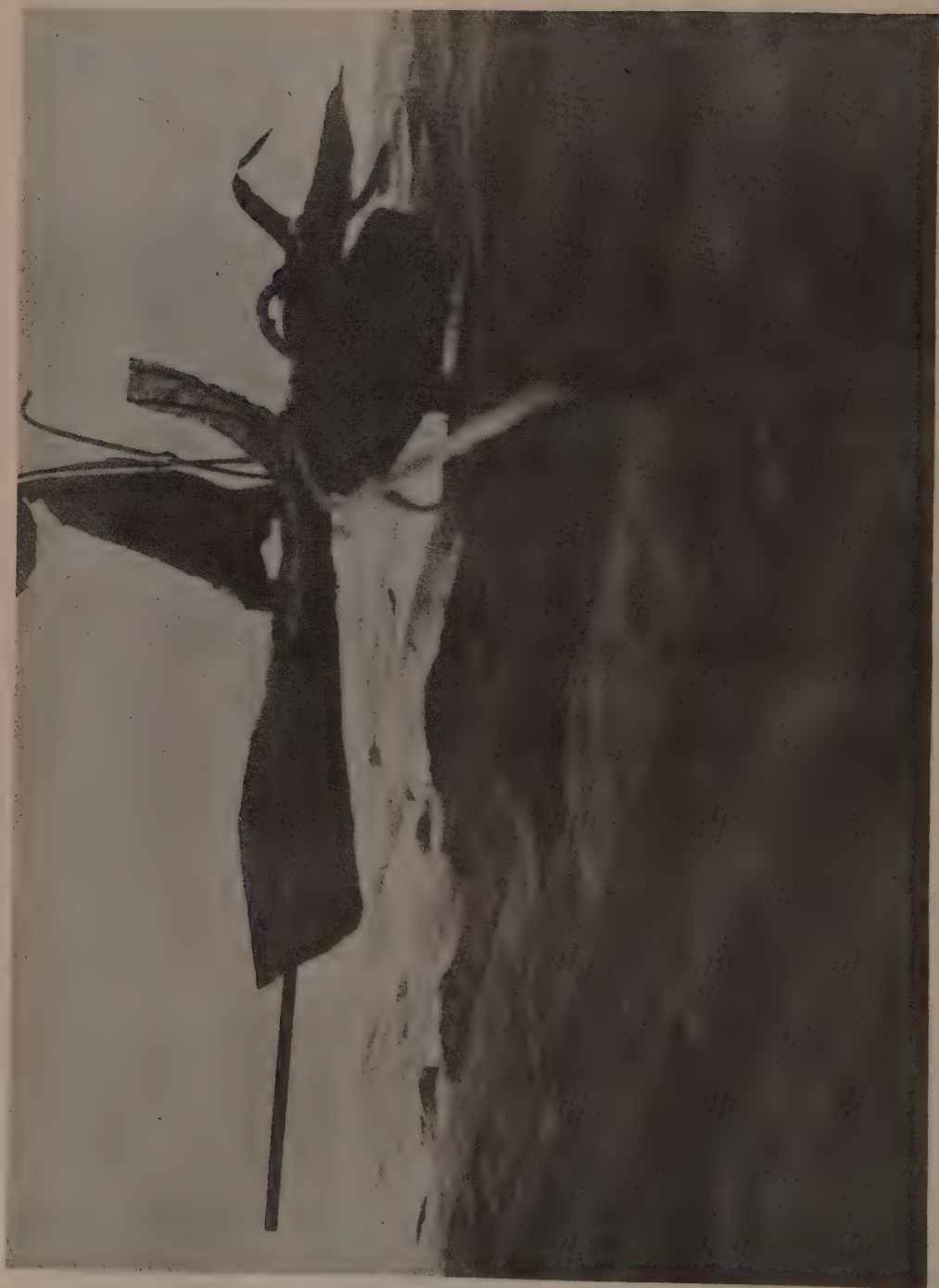


Oil paintings by Vito Simanis

Left: THE RED BIRDCAGE

Above: FLIGHT

Right: 1812



MR. RAPPAPORT - metal sculpture by Vito Simanis

Ilze Šķipsna

QUIET ENCOUNTERS

The placement tests were being given upstairs, in the library. On her way up, Vita hesitated. She would really rather go walking along the Seine and watch the fishermen watch their bait; or sit quietly on a low chair in Notre Dame, looking up at the north rose window—provided there were no lanky youths in *lederhosen* tramping in and out, equipped with complicated cameras and raw voices; or imagine that she was Victor Hugo, gazing down upon the Place des Vosges from his study window. She had been there only yesterday. The shadows of the uniform buildings, falling silently on the cobblestone square, formed the same patterns now as they had when he was looking at them. They hugged the round and rough stones, creeping on as the sun slid down, and somewhere in that invisible movement there was the perennial surprise of here and now linked with the forever.

Or she could play a thousand other games with time and people, and the things they had said and done. She would really rather do that, but she had promised herself an accomplishment, and it was essential to keep promises.

Determined, Vita climbed the rest of the stairs and found the opaque, glass-paneled door to the library. As she entered, light rushed at her from the open windows, carrying with it the flapping of the orange awnings and the rustle of dusty chestnut leaves. In the front of the room she spotted a long table heaped with test forms and went toward it, aware of the noisy laziness of the summer streets of Paris which entered the room and covered up the swift whispers of the examinees.

At the registration table, the conversations were bolder. A girl in front of Vita laughed excitedly, trying to spell her name in French. I won't even try, thought Vita as she joined the line. Waiting for her turn, she quickly examined the large, high-ceilinged room.

There were about thirty people there, seated at long, wooden tables that were worn and shining, between the scratches, with the polish of a thousand elbows. Vita ran her eyes over the faces,

young and middle-aged ones, variously complexioned. There were frowning foreheads, distracted stares, a pair of moist lips biting the end of a ball point pen. There was even a small boy who amused himself by moving his mouth in a soundless song. A pretty girl faintly smiled at her own image in the dark mirrors of the glassed-in bookcases that lined the room. Whispers, frowns, dreams; silent, almost angry concentration, and the restless shuffle of long white paper sheets melted into the heat of the afternoon, mixed up with a faint smell of sweat and the close droning of a fat summer fly which periodically bumped itself into the shining glass of a bookcase. The Alliance Francaise was in the process of starting a new term of French for foreign students who had come from many lands, eager to learn the language. All were welcome.

It was Vita's turn. The French girl at the table smiled pleasantly and asked Vita something about how much French she knew.

"*Je ne comprends pas,*" said Vita, pronouncing each syllable with perfection. She had learned to say it too well; her small number of perfectly pronounced phrases had already misled people into a well-meant banter over her excessive modesty, only to be followed by the awkward dying down of the conversation and a general embarrassment that was later revived in hurried, jovial smiles exchanged in passing on the deck of the ship or in the hallways of her *pension*. Vita now chose to point her finger at the pile of tests on the table.

"*Ab bon,*" said the French girl and passed her a form to be filled out. Name, age, country . . . Vita hesitated.

"Country of birth or residence?" she asked.

The French girl shook her head. "*Pas d'Anglais, Mademoiselle,*" she said, smiling as she spoke, teasingly, almost mirthfully, *bien amusée*. Then she leaned forward and whispered behind a cupped hand: "Both."

Vita printed the names on the slippery card. Latvia and the United States. It occurred to her that she should have put "Lettonie," which was the French name for home, but it did not sound right and it was too late anyway.

With a copy of the test finally in hand, she found a seat near a window. From her new position the room suddenly seemed familiar; she felt herself a part of the scene now. She looked at new applicants arriving at the front table and noticed instructors mov-

ing around the room admonishing silence. There were several people at her table, working hard, and she took the clue.

The first page was easy, but as Vita wrote out the answers, she was struck with the scraggly quality of her own handwriting. It used to be round and even, immensely legible, satisfying to look at. She knew it had changed all along, but it had not seemed necessary to think about it. Now it did. There seemed to be many things that suddenly demanded being thought about. It was a surprise, because she had come to Paris prepared to turn her senses outward in order to concentrate on the present. That was the pleasure of new places, new things—they expanded the surface of the soul and made it capable of absorbing more, of collecting sunlight as a green leaf would in order to store and later transform it in its various layers of depth. Instead, she had run headlong into memories.

She had never been in Paris before, but that did not seem to matter. Her parents had been here, her big cousin, now lost somewhere in Siberia, had brought her a soft marble chip from Versailles, and her late doctor uncle had chosen a silver-mesh coin purse for her in one of the small shops in the Rue de Rivoli when she was just a baby and did not even know that Paris was a city and not a huge nursery-rhyme castle that one could lock and unlock with a big key. Instead of the new things and the new sights, instead of the guide-book wonders and the light-hearted breath of summer holidays, she had found the faint echoes of the steps of her own people (if she listened long enough, she could hear them grow louder and much closer) who had been here and passed on; and she had found nostalgia—not for her American town, but for Riga, home town Riga whose proud citizens had lovingly called it the Paris of the North, repeating some kind traveler's praise which she was beginning to appreciate, now that she herself walked along the boulevards of Paris and remembered the wide streets, the giant chestnuts and the tender linden trees, the flowering parks and the medieval monuments of the city of her childhood. Those memories had long been hidden beneath the newness of each day and year, but now she could almost touch the bleak walls in the old part of Riga, the half-sunken stone gates wedged between the tiny-windowed, crooked houses that sulked and squatted under the weight of slow centuries. She could

mature trees which were throbbing under the weight of giant pears, their limbs straight and carefully propped up, lovely, undisturbed, unbroken limbs of trees which Vita kept seeing later, many years later, when the secrets of Dachau were no longer secrets. She often wondered, afterwards, whether the people of the town did not know, either, or whether they had silently offered their beautiful fruit in attempted atonement, but the question had no answer and it was not the responsibility of young Germans who had barely been born when the war ended. Vita did not know what their responsibility was. Nor her own.

Like a well-trained cat, her memory always leaped from this point to the day on which the "Heil Hitler" sign had silently disappeared from the door of the corner bakery in a Saxon village, leaving only two faint holes in the wood and a light square to indicate where it had been for years. Vita's breath still caught at the thought of the muddy, drab-looking American tanks that had slowly, ever so slowly come into view over the hillside one early Saturday morning, forming a chain across the spring-gray fields. It was the most beautiful sight in the world. There were cherry trees blossoming all over the village that day, but the settlement was even whiter with pillowcases, towels, and whole sheets that were hanging from both upstairs and downstairs windows in such a profusion that the Americans were bound to understand that they signified surrender and a friendly invitation to approach instead of being simply a regular Saturday airing of bed clothes.

Vita smiled to herself as she remembered the commotion, and later, the amazement of the villagers as they watched the Americans set up a game of catch. A red-headed fellow in particular was the center of secret admiration—he was not a very good catcher, but proved himself an excellent driver when he jumped in his jeep and went to retrieve the missed balls. Such extravagance with gas was so astounding that it convinced the local population of the American victory even more thoroughly than the tanks had, at the same time exonerating one's national pride because it was unfair to fight a nation which had enough gas to play ball with. And the German children, out in the sun now after a long and dismal winter, clapped their hands with joy, uncomprehending.

Had the two youngsters been among them? Vita looked up and

had had the feeling before, of mystery suddenly revealed. One began by understanding a word or a phrase, though sometimes it was merely an intuition of what the other person was going to say. The other day, when she had gone to the Cimetiere Montmartre with the girl from New York who was staying at the same *pension*, Vita had somehow known that the guard had mistaken them for British and had therefore understood his exclamations of surprise that they were not. Only South Americans came to the cemetery, he had said, bouncing softly on the uneven sandy paths as he led them to the famous graves, panting a little as he recounted the lives and works of their inhabitants, he himself untroubled by thoughts of death.

Indeed, they were the first Americans he had shown around in a long time, he said, speaking clearly and helping along with quick gestures; mostly British and Germans came here, particularly Germans, beating a path to the grave of Heine, though during the Nazi years it had been completely ignored, as though marked by a big *Verboten* sign, only it was worse, because no sign had been needed. So politics and wars were fought even in graveyards, Vita had thought, suddenly conscious of the great number of German tourists she had seen and heard everywhere in Paris. Their voices were in the streets, in museums and restaurants, in parks, street-cars, and nightclubs. They had pierced the quiet timelessness of a Sunday afternoon at the Hameau where even tourists slowed their pace to play at believing that time could have really had a stop, that the thatched roofs of the doll-house buildings were the same that Marie Antoinette had looked at, that she had fed the same fat carp that were loafing in the sluggish little streams. Across the image of the lambent summer afternoon, Vita could still hear excited German voices, enjoying their own enthusiasm as they exclaimed over a graceful, long-legged waterfowl, perfectly balanced on the supple leaves of water lilies and—Vita had been grateful—immune.

"Heinrich, Heinrich—!" still rang in her ears and she suddenly became aware of German spoken close by, across the table. She looked up in time to see two fresh-faced teenagers, brother and sister settle down to work. They were blond and fair, healthy and so fully alive, that their very being seemed concentrated just beneath the skin, pushing its way outward. They began working

immediately, writing out the answers in their still childish, but immensely legible handwritings that were neat and satisfying to look at.

The French girl who had handed Vita her test passed by and looked at her, and then went on to silence some persistent whisperers at the other end of the room. *'Ne parlez pas, s'il vous plaît,'* she called out time and again, impatience slowly edging her voice. Vita turned to the second page and discovered only a few ready answers for the questions there.

Absurdly, she wished she knew French as well as she did German. It was just a wish, though; she knew the ways of learning languages. She had learned German painstakingly, beginning with spinsterish little Fraulein Goschel who had come to her parents' house every afternoon of her childhood, it seemed, to chat in German about what Fraulein considered childish things, or to read *Nestbäkchen* or *Doktors Zwillingen*, giving an explanation of a difficult word in broken Latvian, usually preceded by a furious wrinkling of her thin nose from which she had momentarily removed her fragile, shining pince-nez, the better to stare at a particular corner of the ceiling, so that Vita eventually tried staring at the same corner in order to discover answers to her own problems, though without success. She used to think her mother hard for subjecting her to such German influences every day after school when other children went skating or sledding in the snowbound parks, or during summer holidays in the country when she had to sit for hours every morning on the upstairs veranda and do German exercises while her own cousins roamed garden, park, and field, making secret tree houses, building floats for the lake, or playing Indians in the groves beyond the house where the trenches of the First World War had become blurred and softly rounded with moss and dead pine needles. Vita would allow her mind to wander then, turning away from the book and toward the gleaming summer foliage of the orchard below, or, out of sheer boredom, chew the morning-crisp leaves of the red and yellow nasturtiums that were trailing from the window boxes, forever ruining her taste for water cress.

"I don't see why I have to learn German," she would complain to Mother, "this is a free country now and there is a perfectly good Latvian word for everything."

(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 9)

Soon afterwards, old Mrs. Jukums and Lina returned from the doctor, but they were strangely silent and subdued. It seemed to Mikelis that Lina was giving him significant looks as though she wanted to draw him aside and tell him something. But he had no chance of being alone with her, and the women's behavior remained a mystery. He had an ominous feeling that stormclouds were gathering over his head. His mother pretended not to notice him; moaning and groaning, and talking only to Lina, she went into the living-room. The two women seemed to have become fast friends.

"Has the doctor hurt you?" Mikelis finally ventured to ask when his mother sat down and untied her kerchief.

"No, not she. She has a heart of gold, bless her. The tooth hasn't been pulled out, the swelling has to go down first. She's given me some medicine. No, she hasn't hurt me. It is you, son, who's been giving me great pain."

"What on earth have I done now?" Mikelis asked, wondering why Lina made such strange grimaces behind his mother's back. Was she laughing, or was she trying to warn him?

"Oh, my son, you are a wastrel, that's what you are! I can't bear to think what will happen to you when I'm dead and gone ... I only have to leave the house for a little while and, oh, I hear such terrible things about my own son!"

"What could you have heard, sitting in the cart? It isn't as if you'd travelled round the world!" His mind full of misgivings, he blushed, and this thoroughly annoyed him.

"Truth will out, no matter in what

bushes people try to hide it! Have you no sense—in broad daylight—our big cauldron, to the pasture—with the farmhand — and the neighbours looking ... and Milda trying to figure out what work such strong men were doing with the cauldron in the bushes ... Alas, it's laughter for others, but for your mother it's bitter tears!"

Mikelis alternately went hot and cold. It had never entered his mind that the accursed business of the porridge and the cauldron might be observed from the neighbouring farm on the hillside. His mother had probably called there on her way home ... Milda, of all people! Why couldn't she have kept her mouth shut!

Ashamed and mortified, he lost his temper. "It wasn't gold that was poured away," he growled, "only the remains of the porridge! I did it to keep you from worrying. And, if you are going to speak of truth, remember what father used to say: If you don't want to bring shame upon your head, don't run to other people to look for the truth!—Why should all this gossip bother you? You should have laughed, that's all."

"Oh, oh, now you reproach me, as if I hadn't suffered enough already! That's the kind of son I have, Lina," the old woman exclaimed tearfully. "Son, son, he who pours porridge away in the meadow will go off his head before he has time to grow old."

Mikelis was on the point of saying something, but he changed his mind, made a deprecatory gesture and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

The world no longer seemed bright and beautiful. He wandered about the yard, now and then stopping at the door of one of the farm buildings as though to take up some work; but

his hands remained idle, and his thoughts were elsewhere. Why was he so unfortunate? Why, with the best intentions in the world, did he never seem to do right? He could not face Milda now, he was too ashamed . . . But suddenly he was overcome by a fit of towering rage at the thought of that buxom, comfortable, talkative girl who, it seemed, had already begun to regard him as a little child, to be guided and directed by her. Yes, she was like his mother who tried to keep him tied to her apronstrings!

In his rage, Mikelis had absent-mindedly started to walk towards the pasture. Half-way there, he stopped. Where was he going? Did he want to scoop up the porridge? What a ridiculous thought!

At that moment, Lina caught up with him.

"Don't be so upset, Mikelis," she said, taking hold of him by the elbow. "Your mother has a swollen cheek, and it hurts, that's why she is in such a mood." A little out of breath, her bosom gently heaving beneath her thin blouse, she looked him straight in the face, kindly and earnestly; only the tiny lines in the corners of her eyes harbored a trace of laughter. Her glance had an immediate effect on him; he felt wonderfully pleased.

"Well, it may or may not be her cheek that is causing all the trouble. Lina. But things go wrong in life the same as the porridge went wrong: there's too little oatmeal, or there's too much salt and water, and it's either too thin or too thick, never right. Then the heart overflows, and everything will out. And when the cauldron is emptied there's nothing for anybody, not for a man, and not for the pigs."

"You are afraid of your mother, aren't you?" Lina remarked quietly.

"Afraid? Who's afraid?"

"If you hadn't been afraid of her you wouldn't have emptied the cauldron among the bushes."

"It is strange, you know," Mikelis sighed. "With you, it would be different—I wouldn't be afraid of you at all."

"About the porridge? Is that what you mean?" Lina laughed.

Mikelis thoughtfully rubbed his forehead. His eyes lingered on her sun-burnt arms which had remained white along the inside, and he noted the gentle outline of her body above the apron; there was such a promise of sweetness and peace there, it defied all words. How good it would be to fold those slender arms around his neck and forget all his troubles! But he was too timid, he only grasped her by the elbows.

"No, I'm thinking of you yourself . . . You see, when I feel I'd like to court you, to marry you . . ." Amazed at the boldness of his words, he looked into her eyes. "But then, if it had been your porridge you'd be angry with me, wouldn't you?"

Lina stood motionless for a moment, her breath came quickly, her lips parted in a half-smile, but when she heard his last words she suddenly looked furious. "You and your porridge!" she said sharply. "You'd be better at courting your porridge than at courting a girl!" She broke away from him and started to walk quickly towards the farm.

A man of a less tranquil disposition might have lost his head; he might have run after the girl and murmured those foolish words of apology and regret which on such occasions spring to the lips of other-

wise perfectly sensible people. But Mikelis merely stood there, open-mouthed, his arms outstretched, and gazed after Lina. Finally he sat down by the side of the ditch.

There are victories that are won by renouncing all thoughts of victory.

When Lina had walked a little distance, realizing that Mikelis was not following her, she stopped and turned around. There she stood, observing him attentively, a fondly disdainful look in her eyes.

"Aren't you coming home?" she called out.

"What am I to do there? Mother is angry, and you run away from me. I'm quite all right where I am."

It seemed to Lina that she had treated him too harshly; she had obviously hurt the poor fellow. No doubt she thought so because, having run away from him, she suffered too. Tentatively, she walked a few steps towards him. He rose to his feet and came to meet her. A little shamefacedly, they looked at each other; then they walked home in silence, awkwardly holding hands.

After a few days Mikelis himself accompanied his mother to the doctor, and this time the tooth was pulled out. On their way home, Mikelis plucked up his courage and revealed the secrets of his heart to her. To his surprise, the old woman merely said: "We'll have to find another girl, then, to help with the farm work." And thus the matter was settled.

In the meantime, all the dogs in the neighborhood had discovered the store of porridge in the pasture of the Jukums farm, and they flocked to it in large numbers as though to participate in some big feast. Afterwards they roamed about, trying to quench their thirst in every ditch, trough or dish their tongues could reach, amazing everybody and spreading Mikelis' fame far and wide.

Ever after, when some problem became so complicated that no solution could be found, people in that district remarked: "It's just like Mikelis' porridge!" Or they said: "Pour the porridge away in the meadow, let the dogs lap it up!"

TO JUDY

By Ieva Primane

*When you and I meet
for a rare hour together,
we invariably discover
our looms equidistant
from the last spindle,
with identical threads
in identical patterns.
Were we to find a variant line,
should we be astonished?*

ADDRESS TO THE INSTANT

By Andrejs Pablo Mierkalns

*Forever moving and departing, singing, happy and
joyous!*

(Because you are free)

Instant—magical, alluring,

*Free instant, heavenly instant—belonging only to
yourself—*

Green-yellow and sparkling as a lemon slice.

Instant that slips away as clouds do,

I cannot hold you, nor hold you back.

*Rebellious instant, unbridled and unheeding, you are
whisked
away by the wind*

Into the blue of the sky.

*I remain, the instants pass—strangling my heart,
binding my hands and my feet,*

Making my voice shake—

*And this address of mine will never reach them—
since they have
already fled:*

*And though I might run eagerly toward the next one
It will rush by me like a fast express-train, never
hearing my cry.*

Translated by Nancy Westlake

A HERITAGE

By Valerija Baltiņa, Phylologist

The Latvians, at home and scattered all over the world, are bound together by a rich heritage—their folklore—that has come down to them through the centuries and is alive today reflecting their culture. A significant part of Latvian folklore is their folksongs—*dainas*.

The Latvian *dainas* have been sung from time immemorial. They express, therefore, some of the oldest and deepest feelings of mankind. They were created centuries ago and people continue to sing them today. They are a little history of the Latvian way of life.

It is impossible to estimate the antiquity of the folksongs. Some are as old as the Latvian language, one of the oldest in the world—its mother language being the Sanscrit. The authors of the Latvian *dainas* are unknown, but they are thought to have been mainly the women—mothers—who wished, by means of song, to instill in their children the traditional values of the Latvian nation: the spiritual values of love, beauty, honesty, and work.

The form of the Latvian *daina* is a strophe consisting of four lines. Seldom are six, eight, or more lines used. Each strophe is in strict, special, trochaic or dactylic meter and the result is a light, very singable verse. It is extremely compact in thought and pleasing in poetic expression.

When one hears translations of Latvian folksongs he should not be too disappointed. A folksong simply cannot be translated without losing its beauty, primitive force, and its

special national flavor. The Hungarian composer Bela Bartok once said of the translations of songs from his own land: "Reading these translations is like being invited into a blooming garden, only to find in place of live flowers the name of each one scribbled on the soil with white chalk."

Although it is difficult to translate the poems to retain the full bloom of their beauty, we can appreciate them as a document of one segment of the human race and they may help us, to some extent, to understand the development of the culture of mankind.

A study of *dainas* reveals that the Latvians have been, from the beginning of their history, a people deeply rooted in the soil of their land; people devoted to working the soil for its fruits and dependent on those fruits for a livelihood. The songs themselves, one might say, were also a fruit of the soil, cultivated by the people and valued by them, just as they cultivated and valued their daily bread which they made from the rye and wheat they grew in their fields. The songs are a product, a staple, an expression of the farming man's way of life; his feeling for the green earth under his feet and the blue sky over his head, and his belief in the goodness and richness of nature.

This way of life was also reflected in the religion of the people. Just as we find the psalmist of old, speaking of the "Lord and his Shepherd," we find reference in some of the very old *daines* to the one supreme God, *Dievs*, (Latin *deus*) who, in the imagination

of the people, was a wise and just Farmer watching over them and the whole cosmos and giving them rules to live by. The idea of brotherhood in Christianity was somewhat anticipated in the code of ethical law that evolved from this belief in Dievs. Here are two dainas that illustrate this idea:

You powerful men, treat equally,
treat equally

The weaker ones,
As the sun shines equally
On each part of the earth.

And again:

Grow in beauty, young maiden,
Not stepping with your feet on
other people.

The dainas attest to a belief in life after death, a life in which one continued to till the fields and weave the cloth, but in that life the fields would be of silk and the cloth of gold and silver.

Silver and gold were used also to symbolize vital and joyous life here on earth. There was much symbolism and idealism expressed in the songs, but the singer never lost touch with life, even when carried away by the imagery of his dreams. It was not that life was easy. Life was hard, disappointments many, sorrows great, but he never lost the awareness of the beauty of the good earth and the blessings of the sky and the sun. He believed in the immortality of the soul, but he so loved the beautiful world and the joy of living in it that he never looked upon it as a "vale of tears" from which to escape to a better one. As one song expresses it:

Good is the other world,
But it does not delight my mind,
Since small birds do not sing there,
Neither does the cuckoo call.

In this daina he shows his desire to live actively until the last breath of life:

Dear God, allow me to die
As my mother and father died.
My father died threshing the grain,
My mother, making dough for the
bread.

The Latvian's response to hardship was not a passive one. Following are some dainas concerning work and sadness:

Oh life, oh life!
In life one needs:
Light hands, light feet,
Good and wise advice.

God gave it me, God gave it me,
God gave it not within my hands,
God gave it not within my hands,
If I did not earn it myself.

And one more:

Sorrow, sorrow, my great sorrow!
I don't care about sorrow.
I put sorrow under a stone.
I leap over it singing!

Singing was as important a part of the Latvian's life as eating and sleeping. One of the songs expresses it thus:

I was born singing.
I grew up singing,
I spent my life singing,
And singing my soul will pass into
the garden of the sons of God.

Nine hundred thousand of these dainas—almost a million—and twenty thousand melodies have been collected and are in the Latvian folklore archive in Riga. One of the greatest collectors was Krišjānis Barons (see ZINTIS No. 2—Editor), who truly devoted thirty-five years of his life to this work. He lived to be eighty years old and in a way the Latvian people think of him as being part of the dainas and they venerate him as

being as eternal as the songs themselves.

The Latvians sang on their way to work and on their return from it. They sang at work itself to ease its hardship. They were able to include every important phase of life in song—in joy and sorrow as well. The tradition of singing led them to chorus singing and song festivals which became very popular. The first national song festival was held in 1873, 45 years before the Latvians won their independence; the last one in 1938, three years before the disastrous and fatal loss of independence. Sixteen thousand singers participated, the audience numbered 100,000. The singers were dressed in their native costumes. There were many varieties of folk costumes—one for each district. With ornamental elements endless combinations were possible, depending upon the imagination of the designer who was eager usually to avoid imitation and create something original.

It is interesting to notice that the Latvian ornamental designs are made of lines and curves. They are geometric, differing from the Slavic ornaments which include animals and flowers. The typical Latvian ornaments are clear and simple in form, muted in color and rhythmic in the use of their separate elements. In the designs one very often finds the symbols of the sun, the stars, and the sky.

Like the folksong the Latvian folk costume has always been the pride of the Latvian woman. She made it with her own hands, spinning the flax, weaving the wool, cutting it and embroidering it herself. In the costume she expressed some of the same thoughts and feelings about the

life of her nation as did the makers of the folksong. The very beauty and dignity of the folk costume is meant to express the ideal of beautiful and dignified womanhood. Folk costumes—as the folksongs—were preserved and carefully copied from age to age and treasured from generation to generation, in this way maintaining a perpetual cultural tie and leaving a heritage not only for their own people but other nations as well.

This heritage enables us to understand the people and life. A nation's art, tradition, and poetry reflects this heritage.

The dainas, or Latvian folksongs, are such reflection. They embody not only the Latvian nation's art, poetry, and tradition but also the history of a culture, and in this last respect they express—in no small measure—the past of the human race as well as that of one nation.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Valerija Baltiņa graduated from the University of Latvia, Riga, with a Master's degree in Baltic Philology; received a gold medal for an essay in literature. She was a teacher in gymnasiums in Latvia and Germany; lecturer and public speaker on topics of literature, author of Latvian Grammar (four editions). She is editor of a Latvian magazine, editor and staffwriter for a Magazine on Problems of the Latvian Language and author of essays, critical articles, and short stories.

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SAFETY-PIN

By Andrejs Pablo Mierkalns

*Small, bent piece of steel lying beside my bed,
Made to unite those things which fingers unravel,
Safety-pin, you should take the place of hands
And hold together many hundreds of lives:
For men find it impossible difficult to unite
When they cling together with their hands alone.*

Translated by Nancy Westlake

SATISFACTION

By Valentine Hermans-Daly

*If everything would be
the way you want:
Would you be satisfied?
If so, —how long?
We all complain: too much!
Too much of Sunshine,
too much Rain!
Too Hot, or Humid, Cold,
Simply too much,
or not enough,
but never, never right!
What do we have to have
to measure right amount?
(It does not matter what,
just—right amount!)
Maybe it is just that:
A small reminder
long forgotten:
The World does not exist,
so it could please
just you, or me.
Who wishes happiness for others
—Selfsatisfaction gathers.*

"Hush, darling," Mother would say, stern-voiced but with a glimmer in her eye, which meant that one could argue a little more.

"I'd rather learn Swedish, anyway," Vita would say, "their king at least was willing to listen to that serf who crossed the Baltic Sea alone in a rowboat to make his complaints. Which was more than the Germans or the Russians ever did, and they were here for eight solid centuries."

"Seven, dear, and you are too young to philosophize," Mother would say, the smile gone from her eyes. She wound Vita's pigtails—they were the color of sun-bleached flax and would not stay braided—gently around her hand and turned Vita's head toward the book. "You are going to learn German and then Russian, and there will be Latin and Greek in high school, so you'd better get to work, for you have no time to lose." Then she was gone, leaving Vita to muse about the funny ways in which things changed their nature when you learned their foreign names, about how they became more and less at the same time, complicating the world.

Parental wisdom had, of course, triumphed in the end. It always did. The war see-sawed across the country and both Russian and German became necessary again. And during the last summer at home, Vita had had an English book thrust into her hands, which she studied, listening to the silences of the countryside where people still walked softly in order not to disturb the elusive blossoming of a rye field or the graceful fringes of ripening barley, where a man's strategy still concerned itself with rotating the crops and breeding cows and horses which he named as carefully as he did his children. Vita's own favorite horse, Atsala, was named for the month of thaw, and when, during the last summer, it became just another work horse, she sometimes ran to the fields at noon to stroke its moist, heaving sides while the farmers, gathered at the roadside, talked together excitedly, drawing odd-shaped maps of Europe in the soft dirt, showing each other who was where and why, and how the Allies were going to free everybody in the end.

Perhaps some of those people were still there, Vita thought, but the hopeful maps had long disappeared from the ground together with the boundaries of old homesteads and family fields. Most of the people were dead or scattered, either to the East or to the

West, either slaves or free to live and forget. It all depends on the victor, Vita thought, and her glance sought out the two German youths at the other end of the table. They were handsome and healthy, well-dressed and well-behaved, the girl still without lipstick on her smooth and moving lips, both of them without any seeming shade of memories to haunt or waylay them. They were her juniors by ten years at least, yet they were making fast and easy progress with their test. They had been well drilled in their French classes and they probably knew English even better.

Well, there, at least, they have no edge on me, Vita thought, realizing at the same time the absurdity of the comparison. Did it stem from some unreasonable jealousy, some blind thorn of envy, prompted by a fierce longing of her own early youth and its promises? Or was it merely a protective stance against the frozen shudders that silently shook her at each new reminder of having once believed in the sweetness of people of the small and pleasant town of Dachau, kind people who had generously shared the modest crop of autumn fruit from their tiny gardens with the refugees from the East who were quartered for a week in a transient camp there and suspected nothing more horrible in the vicinity than bedbugs in the straw they slept on?

Vita had hated the barbed fences and the silent guards, but they were permitted to come and go freely, even to Munich, on the days when the trains were running. Among the ruins, windswept, abandoned, and abstract, one could still find famous old cafes, drink *Ersatz-Kaffee*, and listen to the ubiquitous loudspeakers which announced the expertly camouflaged messages of defeat. On one such day, the fall of Riga was announced. Vita and her young friends listened in silence, stirring the cold coffee long and needlessly with a dull spoon, afraid that a careless word would make them visualize their home town in the hands of the Red Army.

Dachau had seemed safe and lovely then, particularly from the hilltop which boasted a semi-castle and a ramp on the southern slope from which one was supposed to be able to see Switzerland on clear days, the Swiss Alps in a faint blue outline; only there were no clear days then, the horizons wrapped themselves in gray autumn mist and yielded nothing, no matter how searchingly one peered into the distance. The hilltop garden, however, was beautiful, blazing with the colors of lush asters and dahlias and of healthy,

see herself as a child, tip-toeing cautiously in the pallid cobblestone streets that had been too narrow for cars to pass through, yet had trapped the ancient church bells and quivered with each ring. One could almost touch time there, time that was foxily lagging behind itself among the damp shadows and hollow whispers, lapping the memories of a city and a people, only a few steps away from the new streets that lay grandly open to the winds and splashed in light and movement, only a few steps from one past to the other, Vita thought, both removed now and recovered in the parallels of Paris.

Then she shook her head. Paris was here and now, and she could hear the Boulevard Raspail below where the Tuesday morning market was being packed up and carried away. Fragments of excited voices flitted up through the window and she half-rose to see a push cart overturn. Tomatoes, gleaming like red hearts, rolled down the pavement. Here and now, she must remember that.

Vita looked at her test again. She knew her verb forms were correct, but the scraggly letters were still there, staring at her. She sat up straighter in her chair, suddenly determined to regain her lost art, achieved so long ago with patience and pain. She remembered well the blue, stiff-covered copybooks of her childhood, consisting of fourteen inviolable, single-fold leaves that the teachers counted occasionally to see that none were missing. Those had been long hours, spent in silent concentration, resisting each tempting, superfluous thought, holding one's attention on the words to be written, perfect letter by perfect letter, until the page was finished, clean and beautiful, without a single mar. A flash of joy then, now lost among other past joys.

Well, it did not matter, Vita thought as she looked over the page in front of her and changed the direction of a couple of accents. The important examinations in her life were finished, at least the mimeographed paper ones. She would learn some French while she was here; going to classes would give her days a shape for the rest of the summer. She would enjoy the luxurious feeling of absorbing some of the language, the pleasure of hearing it explained, pronounced, and descanted, hoping that sooner or later the strange quick flight of the interminable, indistinguishable sounds that she heard around her would begin to fall into a pattern and resemble the written words she could understand. She

across the table—they were still there, collaborating quietly. The boy, being the elder, was calm and superior, helping his sister while he fingered a handsome silk tie in presumed boredom.

The girl, flushed with excitement, kept turning to him:

"*Wie sagt man doch . . . ?*"

He supplied the answers, using the half-words of brother and sister language, not being able to resist a private joke. "You know, like Minna, when she's mad," he whispered and made a funny face, and the girl giggled and wrote down the answer.

It seemed to Vita that she had known them long ago, though it was, of course, impossible. But Minna would be, say, the maid who got red in the face and set her jaw when young Heinrich slid down the banister one day and came home late the next day, demanding that she treat him with the same reverence she accorded to his father. Vita could imagine it all, beginning with the lullabies that had been sung to them down to the shining pince-nez on their teachers' noses, though the world in which they had grown up had become peaceful and plentiful since Vita had known it. They had not been toddling on the village street that spring day at the end of the war, because that had become the Russian zone, and people from there did not travel.

Hush, she said to herself, focusing her attention on the impartial white paper sheets in front of her. The unanswered questions were still there, the same intermittent buzzing was still going on around her, the instructors were still criss-crossing the room to stop the talking.

"*Ne parlez pas, s'il vous plaît,*" they were chanting now, as though a part of a ritual, "*chacun pour soi!*"

Vita was making progress with the test now, rewriting a French paragraph into the past tense, half-heartedly guessing at *passé composé* or *passé simple*. How was she to tell the difference? Brother and sister were suddenly stirring, waving across the room—to their mother, Vita guessed, who had just entered the room, a tall, charming woman with softly curling light hair and an elegant bearing that belied her motherhood. She stopped to chat with the instructors for a moment in fluent, unaffected French and then sat down by her daughter, solicitous, but unafraid. She removed her gloves and placed them in her leather shoulderbag uncrumpled, at the same time crossing her strong, slender legs, her feet shod in a pair of

travel-wise, medium-heel, yet undeniably handsome and well-made shoes. They know how to travel, Vita thought; she was suddenly nervous, aware of having spent a whole hour doing little and irked at not knowing the answers.

The youngsters across the table were quickly finishing up, with the help of their mother.

"*Ein Synonym für 'trêve'?*" asked the boy and she said it, spelling it out for them.

That's not fair, Vita thought and suddenly heard herself saying, in German, that one should not talk so much. She did not really mean to say it, but an unchecked desire to censure them prompted the words before she could think about it.

The woman looked at her wide-eyed, surprised, but not taken aback. Indeed, she was addressing herself to Vita's common sense when she said: "But they are my children, I *have* to help them, don't you see?"

Vita threw her a furious glance, flashing with outraged justice, while her cheeks blushed slowly and she ducked her head, half-admitting to herself that it was not the strangers' cheating which concerned her.

She got up and took her test forward to be graded by a graying, bespectacled gentleman who looked every bit the part of a continental college professor. It somehow reassured Vita, just as had the discovery that there actually were herds of poodles in Paris. She thought about that while she watched her paper blossom out in dozens of red marks.

"*Je regrette . . .*," said the professor, with feeling, as he assigned her to a beginner's class, but Vita smiled at him and felt virtuous. She ran down the stairs and hurried through the lobby, where the new students were flitting about eagerly, paying tuition, getting books and talking happily, each in his own language.

Outside, it was still noisy and warm, but the approach of the evening was in the air, and she breathed it thankfully as she walked toward the Seine, stopping here and there to look into a window, read a sign, or examine the bullet marks still visible upon buildings from the fighting during the liberation of Paris. On a corner, a girl was selling the *Paris Herald Tribune*, but Vita passed her without buying one tonight and walked on, listening to her own even steps. Her mind was not at peace and she thought longingly of the

summer evenings when she and her countrymen, following the retreating American Army, had camped at the open roadsides in the heart of beautiful, green Germany. For a month, then, there had been no newspapers to read, no watches to measure time by, no maps even, only scattered road signs and the sun to show them the direction: West. Vita remembered the purely physical delight she had felt when, after walking all day, she stretched out in a meadow, her hands fumbling through the close mesh of grass and flowers until she could touch the ground, until she touched earth itself and held it and was held by it. It was as though in stretching out on a strange plot of grass at a strange roadside she was actually extending herself into the world with its marvelous spaces around her and with its immediacy touching her palms. It had, at the time, seemed worth all her loss and injury, but the feeling had not lasted, she knew now that one did not survive on past glimpses at eternity. They did not save one from the small battles of living on, nor from the knowledge of one's people dying, nor from oneself.

It helps, though, she said to herself and considered telling the girl from New York about the episode of the afternoon, but decided against it. Generous victors don't understand, she reminded herself and started walking toward the Arch of Triumph. She would read the names of glorious Napoleonic victories all over again, both German and Russian names in a wide array. What else could one do? It was, of course, a ridiculous plan, but it made her feel better and besides, she was not going to tell.

DIVI SILA BALODIŠI

TWO LITTLE WILD DOVES

Larghetto

Latvian Folksong

arr. by V. Dārziņš

Di-----vi si---la ba-----lo---dī-----ši,

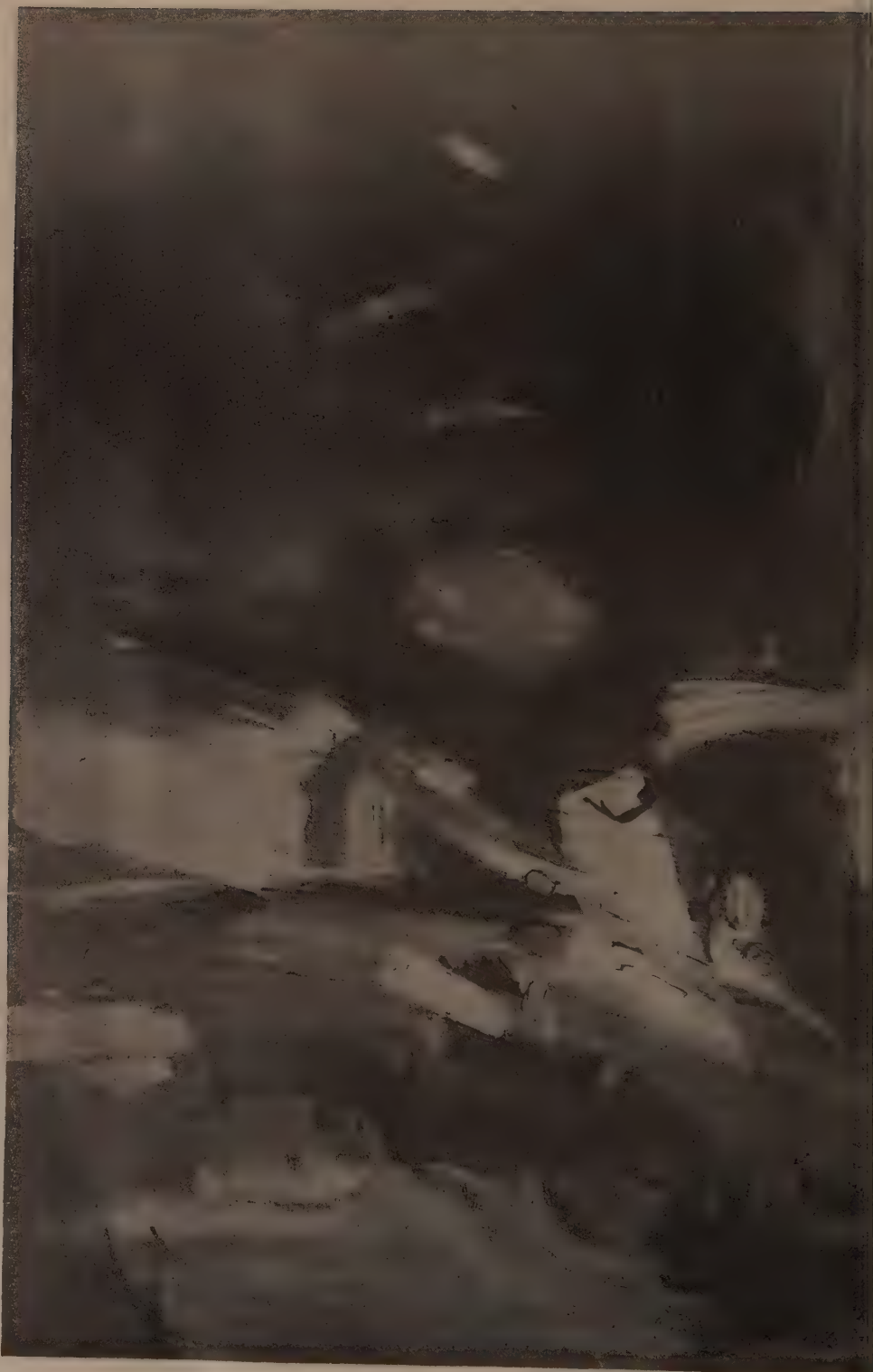
Strautā dzē---ra dū-do---da---mi, Strau-tā dzē-----ra dū-----do-dam'.

Div' bāliņi kaŗā jāja, Abi jāja domādami, Vai būs jāti, vai nejāti, Sētiņai laba dzīve,
 Abi jāja domādām(i). Vai būs jāti, vai nejāt(i). Vai palikti sētiņā(i). Sievas, meitas gultu
 tais(a).

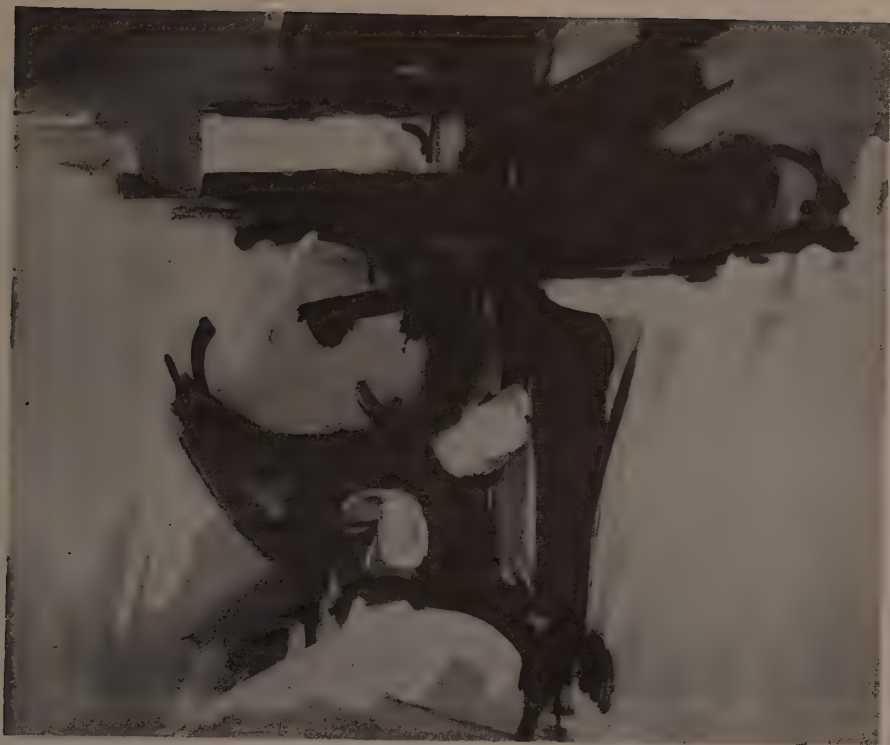
1. DO - OVES FROM WOOD - LAND, TWO - OO DOVES FROM WOOD - LAND,
2. BRO - THERS FROM HOME - STEAD, BRO - THERS TWO FROM HOME - STEAD,
3. DEE - EEP IN THOUGHT THEY, BO - OTH DEEP IN THOUGHT THEY,
4. GA - AL - LOP FORTH OR GA - AL - AL - LOP BACK, OR,
5. LI - IFE AT HOME - STEAD, HOME - STEAD LIFE IS DEAR - ER,

1. COO - ING DRA-ANK IN LIM - PID STREAM, COO - ING DRANK IN LI - IM - PID STREAM,
2. DEEP IN THOU-GHT THEY GALLOPED TO WAR, DEEP IN THOUGHT THEY GA - AL - LOPED FORTH,
3. GAL - LOP FO - ORTH OR GAL - LOP BACK? GAL - LOP FORTH OR GA - AL - LOP BACK?
4. STAY WELL PU - UT IN HOME-STEAD NEAR, STAY WELL PUT IN HO - OME-STEAD NEAR,
5. BED IS A - AIRED BY WIVES AND MAIDS, BED IS AIRED BY WI - IVES AND MAIDS.

English version by ZINTIS' Staff.



Vito Simonis, REMINISCENCE, Oil



Vito Simanis, CHANDLER AND PRICE, Oil



Vito Simanis, RACE, Oil

MEET THE EDITORS

With this issue magazine Zintis fulfills its first year of being. The men who are responsible for this work, chiefly are: Hugo B. Atoms, Editor-in-Chief, and Alfrēds Kalnājs, Publisher and Managing Editor. They both live and work in Chicago. Mr. A. Kalnājs is a publisher of Latvian books since 1951, sheet music, and lately has entered the English field — by publishing books on chess in English. A. Kalnājs was graduated from the Conservatory of Latvia, Riga, and there he worked as musician and managed a Salon of Art.

Hugo Atoms had left Latvia in 1945, at the age of 17, has been in the U. S. A. since 1947; served with the U. S. Army for nine years, was graduated from Meixco City College in 1959 (B. A. degree in English Literature). In 1954 Atoms was elected to membership in the Latvian Writers and Journalists Association in America; he contributes to the Latvian press in exile and writes fiction. H. Atoms also edits a Latvian youth magazine.

Zaiga Ore (Music Editor)

She began her music studies in Latvia; later continued at the noted University of Erlangen, Germany, where the compositions of Bach, Beethoven and Chopin were demonstrated on old style grand pianos that were used by the famous composers themselves. The noted Berlin piano professor Marga Henatch was her piano teacher. Miss Z. Ore also took lessons from Georg Kampff, the master pianist. After arriving in the USA she was graduated from the University of Tulsa, Oklahoma, specializing in composition and counterpoint (with Dr. Bela Rozsa), stressing contemporary music. Presently Miss Z. Ore works as piano professor at the well-known Metropolitan School of Music in Chicago and is also an accompanist.

Staff



Prof. Dr. L. Slaucītājs

At the end of 1961 prof. Slaucītājs will take a 1 or 2 year leave of absence from La Plata Univ. to lecture on theoretical geophysics at the University of Sidney, Australia.

Eric V. Gutmanis (Chess Editor)

An expert chess player, emerged as such shortly after his arrival in the United States in the early fifties (he came to the US in 1949). Plays a tactical game with unexpected sacrificial breakthroughs. He is an accountant, presently working towards CPA degree, the examinations for which he will take in the near future. He is the Illinois and Chicago Chess Championship director since 1957. His hobbies include classical music and following political and sports events on short wave broadcasts from all over the world. Knows five languages.

MAGNETIC INVESTIGATIONS IN ANTARCTICA

by Dr. Leonīds Slaucītājs

Antarctica, as we know, is the ice-covered continent, or, if we consider the latest ice thickness measurements and count as land only the surface of rocks above the sea level, then we can talk about Antarctica as an archipelago, consisting of big and many small islands.

Looking from a basically scientific, economic and political point of view, man, being the earth's ruler, can not afford to ignore that part of this planet which with the continental ice cap surpasses the area of Europe or Australia and with its rigid climate influences an extensive surrounding area. And then in these polar regions we find the Earth's specific points of reference: the geographical, i.e. rotational poles and other characteristic poles: magnetic (inclination 90°) and geomagnetic—of uniform magnetization.

The South American countries that are nearest to Antarctica, naturally, show interest and send expeditions there, as well as maintain permanent stations. The world's largest nations, especially during the International Geophysical Year of 1957/58, stepped up their strong participation in the grand probing of Antarctica, which has given us many insights into the peculiarities of this land or the islands.

The author of this article was in Antarctica three times: in 1951, 1955-56 and in 1957 with the assignment to lead various groups of scientists whose mission was to investigate the Earth's magnetism. Geomagnetism, with its elements of position and change, naturally is a complicated phenomenon. One must locate the predominant points, place the magnetic measurement field stations, and somewhere an observatory which would continually register the change of these elements in time; compile the obtained data; analyze them and evaluate the facts in the light of other phenomena of Earth and the Cosmos.

The area around Antarctica at this time is in a stage of demagnetization, and therefore for this reason our expeditions occupied themselves also with the stressed study of the so-called secular variation. All the planned work of measurement and registration is tied in with the necessity and possibility of overcoming great distances under rather severe weather, hardly accessible, isolated terrain with fractured ice obstacles. The modern instruments for measuring magnetism have to be transported with the utmost care; and the observatory instruments for permanent installation take months and years to

set up under difficult conditions where they have to be manned.

Under such conditions the expeditions of Argentina collected measurements at several hundred points and kept going one permanent station-observatory. The field measurements had to be repeated after the lapse of some years at the same previous points so that these results could be compared and studied for the slow, secular change.

Five Argentine expeditions, located south of the tip of South America, in the course of years from 1951 to 1957 succeeded in establishing new points of reference as far as the distribution of magnetic elements go. These findings corrected the data received formerly by the potential, theory only and gave the position of rapid change foci in secularvariation. At last the discovery had been made, together with other nations' expeditions, that here in Antarctica the secularvariation is the most intensive for the entire globe. In 1960, at the Association of Geomagnetism and Aeronomy meeting, held in Helsinki, Finland, the author was able to give a report on secularvariation in Antarctica which for instance in Z intensity has 200 gammas in a year ($1 \text{ gamma} = 10^{-5} \text{ CGS}$) and point out these foci of demagnetization.

Assuming that the magnetic secularvariation is caused by the changes of electromagnetism in the deep, near-core layers of Earth, the recognition of the secularvariation cause is of great importance for the explanation of Earth's physical evolvments in general.

Translated from the Latvian by
Hugo Atoms

About the Author:

Prof. Leonīds Slaucītājs, M. Math. Sc., Dr. Math. Sc., after seperation from the navy in 1921, where he served as naval officer, studied the physical and mathematical sciences in Rīga, Latvia; and immediately thereafter undertook his career as scientist and pedagogue. In 1940 he was director of the Geophysical and Metereological Institute at the University of Latvia as well as the head of the Department of Geophysics. In 1948 the University of La Plata, Argentina asked prof. Slaucītājs to come over and found the teaching and research facilities of geomagnetism. As of 1949 he becomes professor, head of department at La Plata University. He has taken part and led three expeditions in Antarctica to study magnetism; was a member of the Executive Committee in the International Association of Geomagnetism and Aeronomy, and had participated in international congresses.

In the USA prof. L. Slaucītājs has been known since 1936, when he was guest physicist at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, Carnegie Institute of Washington. As guest professor he has lectured in several foreign universities among them at Columbia Univ. in New York.

Prof. Slaucītājs up to 1961 has published 64 scientific works, mainly in the field of geomagnetism and in oceanography, of which six treateses have received awards.

In his personal life the professor indulges in his "hobbies", such as music (he was graduated from the Conservatory of Latvia in Rīga) and painting (known as the painter of Antarctic landscapes).

The Editor

THE ANCIENT LATVIANS

By Dr. Juris Veidemanis

While historians have focused considerable attention on Latvian society and culture from the twelfth century to the present era, relatively few scientists have chosen to explore the preceding centuries in which ancient Latvian society flourished. It is this earlier period, however, which merits more detailed sociological investigation to provide the necessary basis for determining the extent of and resistance to social change in later centuries. Such a study is particularly pertinent in the current period to determine the likelihood of changes of values in the Latvian society in its present exile.

Setting

According to archeological evidence, the Balts (originally known as Aists, later also as Latvian—Lithuanian tribes) are known to have lived in their present area since circa 2200 B.C., prior to which time this area's culture was Finno-Ugric.¹ In the course of time the Finno-Ugric tribes were gradually pushed northwards by the Balts. Beginning with the seventh century A.D. the areas inhabited by the different tribes could be said to have become quite stabilized, with each of the Baltic peoples slowly emerging more ethnically different from others.² According to conservative estimates, by the thirteenth century the number of people in the more northern Baltic tribes that later were called Latvians was estimated to be approximately 180,000 to 240,000.³ The three Latvian tribes—the Letgals, Zemgals, and Kurs—

occupied roughly the regions of Letgale, Zemgale, and Kurzeme as denoted on the modern map, yet exceeding their present borders. Almost all of the land surface was covered by a vast forest, interrupted only by dispersed clearings of land for fields and human habitation.

Linguistically the Latvian language belongs to the Eastern Indo-European language group's Balto-Slavic branch (though it has not originated from the Slavic branch⁴), in which, together with Lithuanian and Old Prussian it forms the Baltic (Aistian) language sub-group.⁵ To the present day both the Lithuanian and Latvian languages have retained many linguistic forms that are closer to the original Indo-European language than ancient forms found in any other living Indo-European language.⁶

Warfare and Defense

Excavations and historical documents indicate that the ancient Latvians, particularly those along routes of communication, were in contact with their neighbors as well as with traders and raiders from the north, west, and east who left some imprints upon Latvian ways of life, and, in turn, were affected by the Latvians.⁷ Though peacefulness is said to have been a prevailing characteristic of the ancient Latvians,⁸ yet warfare has also played a part in their life. For protection against enemies during time of war, all three Latvian tribes had built fortresses which could accommodate the people in their area. That the fortresses were of a struc-

ture that could have been built only by hundreds of people and that they were rather evenly distributed in the areas of every tribe, particularly in the border areas, has been taken to mean that certain organizational systems functioned between the clans and the war-friend's groups in the Latvian tribes.⁹

During such times of warfare, all able-bodied men of an area belonged to their respective war-friend groups; during interim periods, each area maintained a regular, though smaller, contingent of war-friends who generally did not farm, but occupied and maintained the fortress castles.¹⁰ Evidence is available which warrants the inference that the heads of the war-groups have also had some peacetime political powers over their districts (novadi, valstis), all of which included several fortresses. These seniors (kungi, vecākie) varied in their powers within the tribes, but even those with the greater authority did not administer anything quite like a monarchy nor a feudal system.¹¹ Only during large-scale wars, as for instance against the Order of the Brethren of the Sword, did one senior take the command over all others. Similarly, within the various clans, even though one member, usually the eldest, was accorded the title of "clan elder," his dealings with other household heads (saimnieki) in the clan was only as *primus inter pares*.¹²

Decisions affecting many people were made in meetings of the saimnieki, elder men of the clan, and war elders. Wars were waged against other tribes or against other clans most commonly for raiding or blood revenge or as the consequence of bride-stealing. The clan elder usually took charge of a war unit of blood relatives, while for larger forces a

special war leader took over command.¹³ Internally each of the Latvian tribes upheld unwritten, traditional penal norms applicable to all their "people" (laudis) in which the major punishment was money fines. Such fines were stipulated even for murder, though not infrequently this violation was dealt with by the still older blood-revenge code.¹⁴ Occasionally the kungi also held courts, with the judges elected from the men of the area.¹⁵

Residence and Occupation

The basic occupation for ancient Latvians was farming (both grain and dairy) from the time they first settled within the area.¹⁶ The crops, in order of prevalence, were barley, rye, wheat, flax, oats, and hemp. Mostly the three-year crop system prevailed: rye or wheat followed by oats and barley, with the fields lying fallow every third year. In addition to farming many people engaged in hunting and agriculture. Most people living on the seashore had fishing as their chief occupation, as did the Livs. People living at the mouths of the larger rivers and in other easily accessible locations also pursued trade with foreigners or at times themselves went abroad for trading and raiding.

Excavations have not yet established the exact proportion of those living in villages or on separate farmsteads, but it has been verified that both types of living persisted with differing distribution in the tribes. Except occasionally at harvest time, even in the villages no communal economic activities or owning of property other than those of the co-

residing kingroup was known to have existed. Property other than land and means for production was clearly distinguished as personal and private even in the small villages which consisted of only one kinship group's members (several brothers with families). Ownership, once established, was permanent and could be changed only through a culturally approved act. As far as can be reconstructed, the eldest son alone inherited the farm, land, and equipment for production. Movable property (cattle, clothes, jewelry) was transferred from mother to daughters. If there were no sons, the mother together with the daughters received all property, and in such instances, the daughter kept these property rights even after she married.¹⁷

Although each household strove for economic autonomy, it could not produce for all its own needs. Inasmuch as specialization persisted, supple-

mentary services and goods were obtained from artisans, craftsmen, as well as from raids in neighboring tribes. Most of the exchange was in the form of barter, though money was also used as a means of exchange within the tribes as well as in trade relations with other nationalities.

Men's and women's clothing was home-made and the material from which it was made was home-spun wool and flax. In general all costumes worn by men and by women were very closely in accord with patterns of their respective area. Women took pride in dressing well, especially on holidays, when they would wear heavy adornments and fancy-stitched skirts and shirts. The apparel for men was less elaborate, though they took pride in their marten headdress, worn also in time of war.

To be continued in next issue

1. Eduard Šturms, "Die Baltisch-Slavischen Beziehungen in vorgeschichtlicher Sicht," In *Honorem Endzelini*, E. Haudzenberga-Šturma, ed., Chicago, 1960, p. 153. Claims of an earlier settlement, even as early as the mesolithic period, by some linguists (e.g. Volteris) have not found substantiation in archeological research. See E. Volteris, "Wann und wie konnten litauisch-aistobaltisch sprechende Indogermanen in ihre prähistorisch bestimmbare Wohnsitze eingerückt sein?" *Conventus Primus Historicum Balticorum*, Riga, 1938, pp. 27-45.

2. Sources on ancient Latvians are both archaeological and written; the archaeological data are since about the time of arrival in the boundaries of present-day Latvia; the written are fewer but date

as far back as the first century A.D. (some earlier indications have also been found). Fr. Balodis and A. Tentelis, *Latviesu Vēsture*, Vol. I, part I, Riga, 1938, and Arnolds Spekke, *The Ancient Amber Routes and the Geographical Discovery of the Eastern Baltic*, Stockholm, 1957.

3. In addition to which also some 20,000 Livs, a Finno-Ugric people, continued living next to the Latvians, particularly on the shores of the Gulf of Riga. From the Liv name the word Livonia was derived, which was the official Latin term designating the German-dominated areas of Latvians, Livs, and Estonians after their incorporation in the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation in 1207. *Latvju Enciklopēdija*, Stockholm, 1952, p. 1531, and 1954, p. 2659.

4. Šturms, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

5. Paul Thieme, "The Indo-European Language," *Scientific American* October 1958, pp. 63-74. Within this sub-group a further differentiation is found in eastern and western Baltic language or dialectal subdivisions prior to the middle ages and earlier. The eastern were the Latvian dialects: Letgallian, Zemgallian, Kursian; and the Lithuanian: Zemaithian, Augstaitian. The western dialects of Old Prussian were Sembian, Natangian, Galindian, and Jatvingian; to which subdivision the Skalvian and Nadraivian dialects belonged is not known. The dialectal differences were accorded to the ancient tribal divisions. *Latvju Enciklopēdija*, 1950, pp. 196-197.

6. *Ibid.*, 1950, p. 197.

7. „Latviešu Konversācijas Vārdnīca,” Vol. XI, Rīga, 1934-1935, p. 22272.

8. "Gens hominum pacatissima omnino," a statement by Jordanis, the Gothic historian of the sixth century. *Jordanis De origine actibusque Getrum*, rec. Th. Mommsen, MG. AA., t. v. pars prior, Berolini, 1882, as quoted by V. Bilkins, "Kasiodora, Jordana un Einharda Zinas par aistiem," „Cēla Zīmes,” No. 38, 1959, p. 46.

9. „Latviešu Konversācijas Vārdnīca,” pp. 21452, 22186, and Balodis and Tentelis, *op. cit.*, pp. 166-168.

10. Alfred Bilmanis, *A History of Latvia*, Princeton, 1951, pp. 47-48.

11. „Latviešu Konversācijas Vārdnīca,” pp. 22184-22190.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 22188. It should be noted that in Letgale, by the end of the 12th Century, the kungi were no longer just heads with authority given by the people, but had become rulers with governing powers over their regions. A. Švābe, "Cīņa par Latvijas Tiesībām," *Latvju Kultūra*, Esslingen a/N, 1948, p. 173.

13. A. Švābe, "Kara Dziesmas," „Latviešu Tautas Dziesmas,” Vol. X, A. Švābe, E. Hauzenberga-Šturma, eds., Copenhagen, 1956, p. 374.

14. A. Švābe, "Cīņa par Latvijas Tiesībām,” pp. 200-202.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 178.

16. *Latviešu Konversācijas Vārdnīca*, pp. 21425, 21454.

17. Švābe, "Mantojuma Tiesības,” *Latviešu Tautas Dziesmas*, Vol. II, 1952, p. 83.

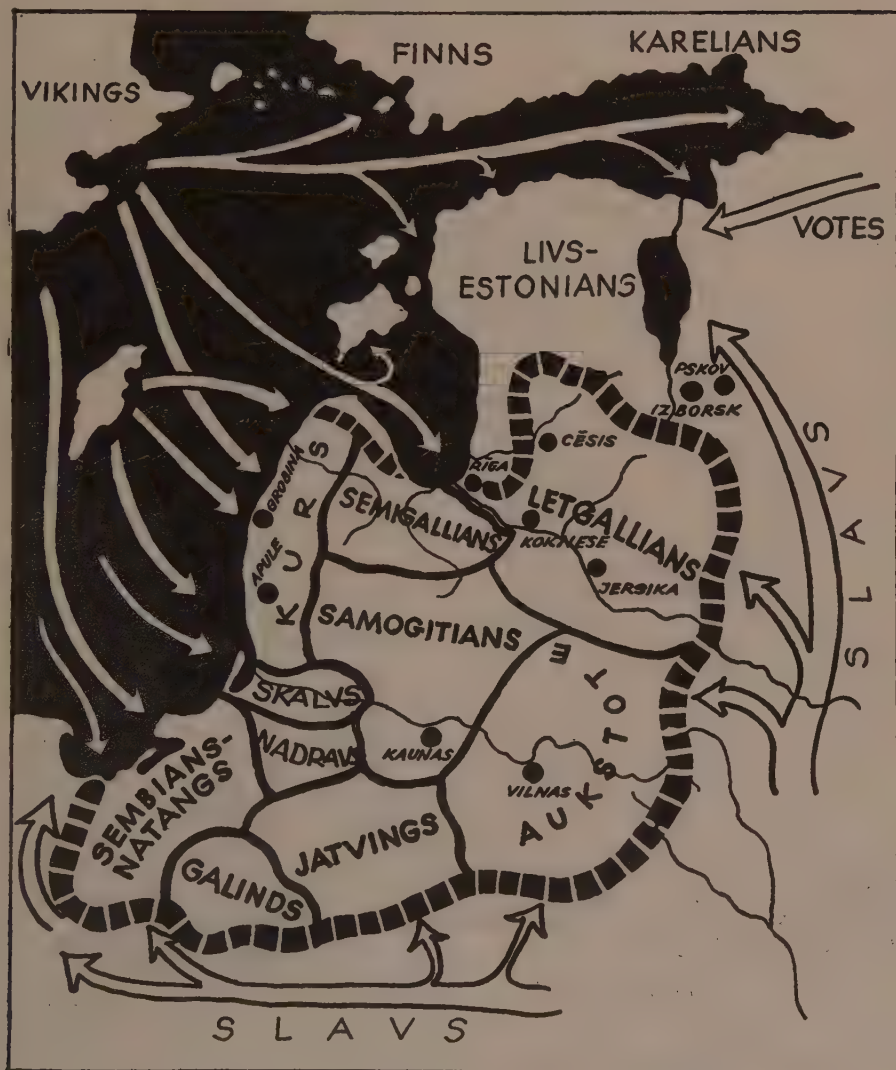
Biographical Note

Dr. Juris Veidemanis is Assistant Professor of sociology and anthropology at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, where he has taught for the past six years. He studied at the Universities of Latvia, Erlangen, North Dakota, and Wisconsin, achieving the Ph.D. at the latter. Dr. Veidemanis has specialized in the sociology of Eastern Europe and cultural minorities and has published several articles based on his research.

*In workers' work takes shape, in humans **humanity** grows.*

Janis Rainis

The Vikings and the Latvians



The Baltic tribes in the 9-12th centuries. The arrows indicate the direction of expansion of the Vikings and the Slavs. The Latvian, Lithuanian and Old Prussian tribes had by this time consolidated their position within the borders of their territories, which, with the help of archaeological and historical sources, may be established with sufficient precision.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Atoms,

I was very happy to see the delightful new cover of *Zintis* No. 3. Congratulations! But I am not at all happy about the way the quotations (poetry) in Mr. Frasers article have been handled. Double columns make a page look neat and tidy, but I am sure that you will agree that this particular spacing has made nonsense of the poetry—especially as these two poets do not use capitals at the beginning of their lines. I won't quarrel with you about the quotation from Mr. Salins because the whole poem is in any case reproduced on page 5. But I should be much obliged if you printed the opening of Rilke's *Duino Elegy* the way it should be: Who, if I cried out, would hear me

among the orders
of angels? and even if one of them took me
suddenly to his heart: I should fade in
his stronger
existence. For beauty is nothing but the
beginning
of terror we can scarcely bear,
and we marvel at it because it calmly
disdains
to destroy us. Every angel is terrible.

If, because of double columns, you cannot find room for it you might perhaps print it on the inside of the back cover.

Yours sincerely,

Ruth Speirs.

V. DARZINS

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The magazine "Jaunā Gaita" is a Latvian Bimonthly for Literature, Art and Discussion of Ideas. It has about 200 contributors. Yearly subscription rate (6 issues) — \$4.50. The Editor-in-Chief is Laimonis Zandbergs, 22, Cannon St., West, Hamilton, Ont., Canada. Business Office: JAUNĀ GAITA, Box 549, Adelaide St., P. O., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Look at *Zintis* No. 5

With our second year of publication, the editors of *Zintis* are happy to say that the contents of the magazine will be improved.

In the next issue we are introducing a new Latvian writer from Sweden, Gunars Irbe. There will be a review about Latvian composer T. Kēniņš; painter J. Kalmīte; and conclusion of Dr. J. Veidemanis' "Ancient Latvians," and many other literary works.

The Editor

FRONT COVER: Red-white-red: the Latvian national flag.

Reproduction of Latvian Republic's most distinctive coin: 5 Lats (about one dollar); in use from 1929 to 1941. A silver coin, showing a Latvian maiden "Milda" in national costume; designed by prof. J. Tilbergs, and minted by the English Royal Mint in 1929; it weighs 25 gr.

The Editor

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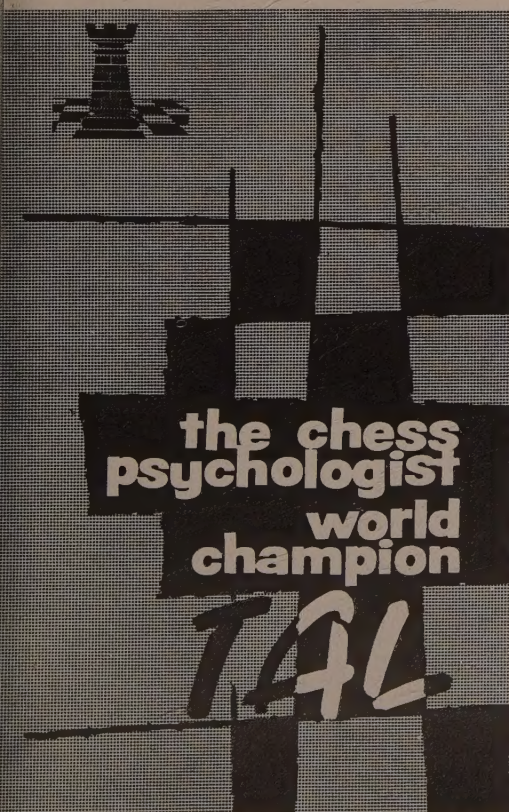
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